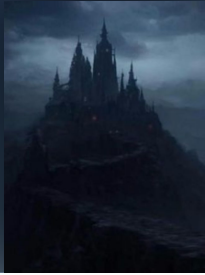




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# The Darkness

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## Chapter 1 by The Author

"Fear is humanities oldest emotion, the oldest of these is fear of the unknown"

Humans always misjudged and feared that which they did not understand, and what they feared, they sought to..... eliminate.

My children and I had watched the sons of Adam and daughters of Eve grow ever since they were first created, we had given them shelter and protected them from predators.

Provided them with shade and cool when they were blistered by the sun cruel light, and yet, They still sought to destroy us.

They feared us as we hid and bound the creatures that sought to harm them, we held the keys to **The prison** a place created by the for such malevolent creatures without our darkness they would no longer be bound and would wreak havoc on the light.

But humans did not understand, now we are fading due to these foolish humans, seeking to create eternal daylight, they don't understand that we had been created to balance out the light and to contain that which the light could not. The foolish band of adventurers who quest to find

the **Doors of Night** and destroy us must not make it, they have one of the escaped creatures in their party and even we do not know where they are and they always carry a source of light we must stop them or Hell will break loose with no one left to hold them. Already I can feel our hold weakening, we must act now or we will have mercy.

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The day had started out just like any other, The sun rose in the east and illuminated the walls of our stronghold **The Castle of Wanderers** home to wandering warriors, mages, monks and strange hunters, hunting parties and questing groups all came here to find heroes and leaders for their groups, I was one of these retired "Heroes" we who were outcasted after every war had found a place to call home in this stronghold.

The peace was broken when a large explosion of black erupted from just beyond the gates and monsters began to pour out from the forest.

## Chapter 2 by aspiringwriter



There was a barked "shit." From all present, before the warriors were grabbing their weapons and charging at the hellhounds and demons.

But I remember. I remember the last time this happened. We barely won that war.

And now with the humans killing us, making us fade away, there is a strong chance we will not win this one.

We all know what that means. The monsters will wreck havoc on the world unchecked, and those stupid humans, will cower and scream in fear.

Some days I think that's all they know how to do.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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